

I think that they have a great deal of conjugal and family affection, though their ways are rough, and that they mourn for their dead for a considerable time. On one grave a young woman was rocking herself to and fro, wailing with a sound like the Highland coronach, but longer and more despairing. She was also beating her" uncovered bosom rhythmically, and had cut her face till the blood came. So apparently absorbed was she in her grief that she took no notice of a Feringhi and an Indian. She had been bereaved of her husband for a year, his life having been sacrificed in a tribal fight.

The next two days were occupied in what might well be called " mountaineering " on goat tracks ; skirting great mountain spurs on shelving paths not always wide enough for a horse's two feet alongside\* of each other, with precipitous declivities of 1000 or 2000 feet; ascending on ledges of rock to over 9000 feet, then by frightful tracks descending 2000 or 3000 but to climb again; and at every descent always seeing in front dizzy zigzags surmounting the crest of some ragged ridge, only, as one knows, to descend again. *Screw* nearly fell over backwards with me once and again, and came down a smooth face of rock as mules sometimes come down a snow slide in Switzerland. I was told that I should "break my neck" many times, that no Bakhtiari had ever ridden over these tracks, or ever would, but my hurt knee left me no choice. These tracks are simply worn by the annual passage of the nomads and their flocks. They

are frightful beyond all description. The  
worst paths in  
Ladak and Nubra are nothing to them.

Occasionally we traversed deep ravines  
with noisy  
torrents where the shade was dense, and  
willows, ash,  
walnut, cherry, elm, plum, and oak were  
crowded  
together, with the *Juniperus excelsa* in rifts  
above. With  
a moist climate it would be a glorious  
land, but even